Unknown Caller

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

Someone suddenly called Jack at work, unsure of who it is, he answers, only to watch as Will is taken apart before his eyes.
Figuratively speaking of course.

Jack sighed heavily, tossing the newspaper on his desk, the headline blaring at him, even at the distance **FORMER FBI AGENT MISSING AFTER SERIAL KILLER AFTER ESCAPE. ALIVE OR DEAD?** Groaning, Jack sat in his desk chair, his hands going to his temples, "Maybe it's about time I retire…" he grumbled to no one.

A few minutes later, as Jack was filling out paperwork, his computer chimed. Jack sighed and turned to look.

Video call Private number

Jack's brow furrowed as he frowned, this was his work computer, who on earth would have the access to his number? Reaching over, he quickly clicked the trace call before hitting answer.

The screen was black a moment before he heard noises, gasps and grunts, then an almost scream.

Jack's eyes widened, was he listening to someone being tortured? *Could it be-?*

Then the camera came into focus… and Jack about choked.

Will was displayed before him on his hands and knees, naked and glistening with sweat as he moaned around the the ball gag in his mouth, his eyes glassy and rolling in ecstacy, his cock hung hard and leaking between his legs.

Jack's mind only partially registered a bandage on Will’s cheek and another on his shoulder, his focus was mainly on the powerful man behind the ex-profiler, hands on Will’s slender hips as he thrust his own large cock into Will’s ass again and again.

"Hello, Jack." Hannibal said smoothly, not even seemingly winded from his current actions, "say 'Hello' to Uncle Jack, Will."

Will arched, moaning loudly at a particularly rough thrust, opening his eyes again and looking hazily at the camera and saying something, though the gag made it almost impossible to make out.

Hannibal chuckled softly, "Ah. Silly me." He stilled his thrusting, making Will whine desperately, then reached up and removed the spit slicked gag. "There we are, now, what do you say Will?"

Will moaned, trying to shift his hips back, "H-hello, Jack… Hannibal, please, move!"

Hannibal smiled, "Such an insatiable boy…" he said softly before grabbing Will's hips again and thrusting in hard.

Will screamed in what could only be overestimated pleasure, gripping the sheets tightly as he arched his back, "YES! OH GOD- HANNIBAL!"

Jack gripped his desk tightly, fighting his rage and arousal in equal measure.

Hannibal leaned forward and pulled Will's shoulders so Will was up on his knees, exposing his chest and bobbing cock to the camera as Hannibal kissed along Will’s neck.

Will moaned loudly at the new angle, his face flushed as he was put on display in front of his old boss.

Hannibal ran his hand along Will’s chest, stroking his nipples gently and making the brunette shudder.

For a moment, Jack wondered how long Will had been edged, held on the edge of pleasure.

"Beautiful boy…" Hannibal said softly, thrusting again.

Hannibal kept going, thrusting deeply while playing with Will’s nipples until Will was quivering, "Ha-Hanni-"

Hannibal stilled instantly, making Will sob in frustration.

Jack was shaking by now, his own cock aching as he watched.

Hannibal murmured something in Will’s ear which made him flush further and whimper with a slight nod.

Hannibal pulled back and lay on the bed, Will climbed up over him and slid himself back down onto Hannibal's cock with a long moan.

"Good boy…" Hannibal said softly, "Now, cum on my cock, Will." Will nodded eagerly, whining at the dirty talk, and began bouncing his hips quickly, panting softly as he did.

"I saw the news articles." Hannibal said, almost conversationally, as he looked at the camera again, "As you can see, Will is very much alive, and rather enjoying himself." He bucked his hips once, just to here Will’s gasping whine, "so now you may rest easy, though…" he smirked at Jack, "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes explaining how you know that."

Suddenly, Will stilled, his head falling back, exposing his long, pale neck as he screamed, cum spurting across Hannibal's stomach and chest.

Hannibal smiled, reaching down and stroking Will's shaking legs, "There you go darling… there you go…"

After cleaning him, Hannibal laid Will back in the bed, wrapped in a warm blanket. He then straightened and picked up the camera. "I must leave you now," Hannibal said with a smile, "Will is quite clingy after sex. Have a good evening, Jack. I hope we never meet again." With a last, slightly predatory smile, the video call cut out.

Jack growled softly, gripping the edge of the desk as he shook in rage, the computer beeped as the trace finished and Jack stood. This wasn't over, far from it!

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